

The Ransom

I think it is plumage we envy as, floor by floor, we rise
To paradise; there are nine of them, they say.
The garden of lilies on the roof is hope.

A pigeon with green, iridescent feathers
Puffs like Genghis Khan on the window sill
And advances on his reluctant mate.
Below me, on Main Street, I see standard cars and wares
And housewives in miniskirts.

Watch repairers are not time restorers.
What is the color of a blue eye in the night?

The boy with black valleys in his hair
And knobs on his brow
Is sitting on the stairs,
Waiting to grow up.
Elbow on knee, chin resting on his hand,
He is waiting.
It is boring to be young.

The patch of ice on the roof
Is diminishing in the cold sun,
Evaporating without melting,
Like a dream
 or a blue eye.
What is the color of diamonds in the night?

Forgive us our flowers.

The procession stopped at her door.
"She won't get off," my father said.
We threw rose petals on her coffin.
The priest said, "Excuse me,
But I've got to get ready for
A wedding this afternoon."

Forgive us our flowers.
Forgive us our paranoia.

The Good Humor man in the street
Humorlessly rings his bell.
Calling all children like some mad Pied Piper.